

WOMAN SUFFRAGE NUMBER

Suck

WEEK ENDING FEBRUARY 20, 1915
PRICE TEN CENTS

Issued Under the Editorial Direction of
The Empire State Campaign Committee
The New York State Woman Suffrage Association
The Woman Suffrage Party
The Equal Franchise Society
The Collegiate League
The Men's League for Woman Suffrage



PAINTED BY ROLF ARMSTRONG

THE MASCOT

An Appeal to Americans

There are hundreds of thousands of scantily clothed and homeless women and babies in Europe who are paying in suffering and misery for the World War now despoiling Europe. With them are the aged and infirm, the helpless and decrepit. **They are the innocent non-combatants whom all Americans should and will help.**

The Committee of Mercy is a neutral, non-partisan and non-sectarian body of representative men and women whose motives rise higher than national rivalry, and whose single idea is to help feed a hungry and innocent mouth no matter what language its tongue speaks.

President Wilson indorses the Committee of Mercy. The Governors of many States have adopted the idea and appointed State Committees.

All nations and the organizations caring for wounded, sick and invalided soldiers, agree that the Mercy Fund for women and children deserves the united support of the American people.

The Committee of Mercy has already collected more than One Hundred Thousand Dollars in money and about Forty Thousand Dollars in donated supplies for the sufferers in Europe.

The Committee of Mercy is helping the wives and children of the war victims in New York.

WON'T YOU HELP IT?

Send your cheque, money-order, or other relief TO-DAY to

*AUGUST BELMONT, Treasurer,
200 Fifth Avenue, New York.*

The New York State Committee of Mercy

Mr. HENRY W. TAFT, President

VICE-PRESIDENTS:

Hon. James A. O'Gorman,	- - - - -	U. S. Senator from New York
Hon. John Purroy Mitchel,	- - - - -	Mayor of New York City
Hon. Oscar S. Straus,	- - - - -	Former Secretary of the Department of Commerce and Labor
Miss Katherine B. Davis,	- - - - -	Commissioner of Corrections, New York
Mrs. J. Borden Harriman,	- - - - -	Federal Industrial Relations Commission
Hon. George McAneny,	- - - - -	President Board of Aldermen, New York

Mr. John Craig Hammond, Executive Secretary

Mr. W. H. Hamilton, Secretary

FINANCE COMMITTEE:

Mr. Frederick H. Allen, Chairman

Mr. John D. Crimmins; Mr. E. Huntington Hooker; Mr. Walter H. Jennings; Mr. Frank A. Munsey;
Mr. William Salomon, and Hon. Henry L. Stimson.

PUBLICITY COMMITTEE:

Mr. John Moffat, Chairman; Mr. E. Jesse Conway, Director.

THE WOMAN SUFFRAGE NUMBER

Puck

Entered at N. Y. P. O. as Second-Class Mail Matter

This number is issued under the editorial direction of
 Empire State Campaign Committee
 New York State Woman Suffrage Association
 Woman Suffrage Party Equal Franchise Society
 Collegiate League Men's League for Woman Suffrage
 Woman's Political Union

BOARD OF EDITORS

Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt Miss Elizabeth Jordan
 Mrs. Margaret Ayer Cobb Mrs. Norman De R. Whitehouse
 Mrs. Anne O'Hagan Shinn Mrs. Alice Duer Miller

BOARD OF HONORARY EDITORS

Norman Hapgood Arthur Brisbane Oswald G. Villard
 (Harper's Weekly) (New York Journal) (New York Evening Post)
 Peter Finley Dunne Erman J. Ridgway Irvin S. Cobb
 ("Mr. Dooley") (Everybody's Magazine) (War Correspondent)
 Frank A. Munsey William Dean Howells S. S. McClure
 (The Munsey Publications)
 Ogden Mills Reid John O'Hara Cosgrave
 (New York Tribune) (New York World)

A Note to Our Suffrage Friends

Puck's interest in equal suffrage is not to end with this issue. We shall have something interesting to say about the cause next week, and the week after, and so on, until certain short-sighted gentlemen now enjoying a brief sojourn in Washington awaken to their plain duty. And so long as *Puck* pursues its course in behalf of equal franchise, it merits the continued support of every woman who believes she is entitled to a voice at the polls.

From now until the battle for woman suffrage is won, *Puck* will have some very pointed things to say about the matter.

Every issue will be worth watching. The skilled "campaigner" has learned the enormous value of a clever cartoon, a pithy editorial, used immediately and with telling effect.

If you do not care to have *Puck* call regularly by subscription, leave an order with your newsdealer to hold a copy for you each week.

Whatever you do, see that *Puck* comes into your home regularly. Its propaganda value alone will balance the cost many times over.

We have a plan for the distribution of the originals of the cartoons reproduced in this and previous numbers, and suffrage organizations desiring interesting drawings for decorative purposes are requested to write to the Circulation Department of *Puck* for a plan for securing these originals absolutely without charge of any kind.

Contents of this Number

IN PICTURE

Cover Design—"The Mascot"	Rolf Armstrong
Cartoons	Rollin Kirby, Merle Johnson, Nelson Greene
Suffrage Kewpies	Rose O'Neil
Samson	K. R. Chamberlain
Prominent Anti-Suffragists Give	R. L. Goldberg
Notable Interviews	Hy Mayer
The Awakening	(Verses by Alice Duer Miller)
His Daughter	W. E. Hill
Making the Polls Attractive to the Anti-Suffragists	Ralph Barton
The Retort Personal	Joseph P. Nuytens
The Sands of Common Sense	Will Crawford
The Weaker Sex	Merle Johnson

IN TEXT

Some Suffrage Aphorisms	Nicola Greeley-Smith
Editorials	Gertrude Atherton, Mary Austin, Juliet Wilbor Tompkins, Hamlin Garland
By Cable	Bernard Shaw
Madame Anti Makes Her Annual Report	(Illus. by May Wilson Preston) Anne O'Hagan
Band-Wagon Biography	(Illustrated by John T. McCutcheon) George Ade
The Seven Arts	(Illustrated by C. B. Falls) James Huneker
Triumphant Motherhood	Elizabeth Jordan
Rosemary for Remembrance	(Illustrated by W. E. Hill) A. A. Milne
Snow in New York	(Illustrated by photograph by Alfred Stieglitz) Richard Le Gallienne
The News in Rhyme	(Illustrated by Merle Johnson) Dana Burnet
On the Other Hand	(Illustrated by Hy Mayer) Simeon Strunsky
Mistress Mary	Theodosia Garrison
Gosbeck on Suffrage	Juliet Wilbor Tompkins
The Puppet Shop	(Illustrated by Ralph Barton) George Jean Nathan
On Voting	Arthur Guitman
The Great Hour	Charles Hanson Towne
An Editor's Conversion	Frank Crowninshield
Triplet	F. P. A.

Copyright, 1915, by Puck Publishing Corporation

Published Every Monday (dated the following Saturday)

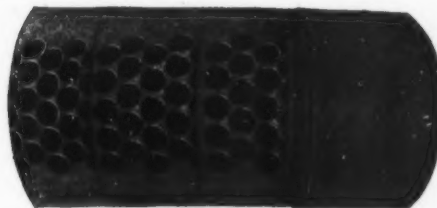
PUCK PUBLISHING CORPORATION, 295-309 LAFAYETTE STREET, NEW YORK

Editor, A. H. FOLWELL General Manager, FOSTER GILROY Contributing Editor, HY MAYER



Puncture-Proof Guaranteed

Section showing LEE Puncture-Proof Tire Construction



Observe how the three layers of impenetrable discs overlap, forming a protecting shield for carcass and inner tube

LEE Tires

PNEUMATIC NON-SKID PUNCTURE-PROOF

ZIG-ZAG Tread

THESE wonderful tires stand firmly between the motorist and all puncturing forces. For the first time complete and supreme freedom from all road trouble is assured—under a written guarantee. The insistent cry for "MORE MILEAGE" is most effectively answered.

WRITE FOR BOOKLET "12"

LEE TIRE & RUBBER CO.

Manufacturers of Rubber Goods Since 1883

CONSHOHOCKEN, PENNA.

Look up "Lee Tires" in your Telephone Directory



This Color-Print Cannot Be Purchased!



HOLD TIGHT!

Reproduction in Full Color, 14x21 inches, on Plate Paper Ready for Framing

THIS famous print appeared as a double page in the Christmas *Puck*. Its brilliancy of color and execution immediately created a widespread demand for copies. We have decided to withdraw it from sale, and offer it

Absolutely Free to New Subscribers

EVERY new subscriber sending us \$2.50 for a six months' subscription to *Puck* will receive this beautiful picture absolutely free. Since its appearance in the Christmas *Puck*, we have received hundreds of requests for it. If sold by our Print Department, the regular price would be \$1.00, and we offer it FREE only to introduce *Puck* into new homes. Get yours at once.

Puck

301 Lafayette St.,
 New York

I enclose \$2.50 for which send me "Hold Tight" and enter my subscription for six months.



GRINIGRAMS

PRIZE GRINIGRAM

For every man you find who does not like to talk about himself, we will find a woman who should not vote.

To the author, Stuart W. Knight, of Fitchburg, Mass., is awarded the prize of \$25 which Puck offered for the wittiest paragraph bearing on Woman Suffrage.

If you enjoy this issue of Puck, try it next week. Puck gets wittier and sprightlier every week.

SOME SUFFRAGE APHORISMS

By Nixola Greeley-Smith

The anti-suffragist has but one good argument against Suffrage—the anti-suffragist herself.

The anti should realize that the intellectual burden of the ballot would not be too heavy, even for her. She would be compelled to think only once every two years, and could play bridge the rest of the time.

More ammunition for the antis: When "mother" has to vote on Election Day—the first Tuesday after the first wash-day in November—who will iron father's shirts? And what will become of the home?

Even Nietzsche admitted woman was a riddle to him. No man professes to understand her. Is that the reason men feel so competent to represent her in politics?

It must be wonderful to belong to an "all-star" sex. Unless you happen to realize that in Nature's great drama of birth you are merely a "super" sent on for a few minutes in the first act to explain what is to come.



ON THE SUFFRAGE LINKS

"Samuel, don't you think it's about time we made this a two-some?"



WHO SAYS THAT WAR IS MAN'S BUSINESS?

Woman's sphere, as the antis define it, is not even a hemisphere—just a small segment of life that men do not consider worth occupying. And they are quite right.

Woman's pedestal wouldn't be so bad if she didn't have to dust it and sweep up around it herself; to say nothing of getting down on her knees and mopping the floor it rests on.

The antis are like the Kaiser in one thing—they can't understand why their sister ballot-seekers make such a fuss over a "mere scrap of paper."

Persons who are disappointed with woman's achievements in the Suffrage States seem to think that when the kind gentlemen in the audience had given her a ballot-box and a red silk handkerchief she should have been able to produce the millennium at once!

Some men say they have too much respect for women to want to see them in politics. Why not have more respect for politics?

Suffrage Algebra (with apologies to the well-known frog in the well).—If one-half of the race must continue to live under feudal conditions while the other progresses upward toward real democracy, how soon will humanity reach the light?

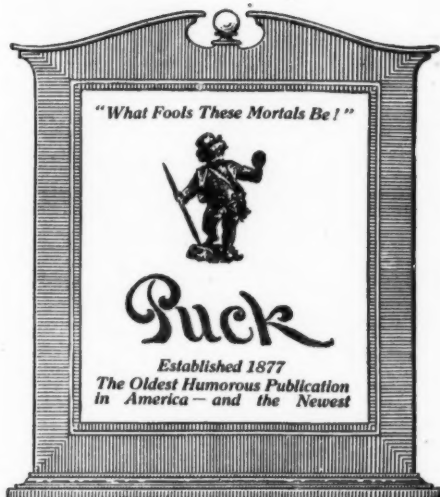
See how many copies of this number your local Suffrage organization can use for campaign material.

NECESSARY PUBLICITY

SMALL DAUGHTER: Mother, why does it say "At Home, February 20th," on Mrs. Morgan Jones's card?

MOTHER: Mrs. Jones, my dear, is an anti-suffragist, and she feels it necessary to publicly announce that she is at home once in every year.

Ethel R. Peyser.



VOL. LXXVII. No. 1981. WEEK ENDING FEB. 20, 1915

WOMEN AND WAR

By Gertrude Atherton

Napoleon warned Europe to beware of Prussia, which he called the trouble-breeder of the Continent. But while all good Americans live for the day when Prussian hegemony shall be blasted off the map, a quaint result of this war may be woman's gratitude to that state of mediaeval morals and Twentieth Century thoroughness. Not only have the women of the belligerent countries been given the supreme opportunity to show what is in them, their best being the highest order of usefulness, fortitude, and intelligence, but it has sobered women all over these United States, played upon their nobler instincts, and stimulated their intellects as nothing else has ever done.

Thousands of women hitherto indifferent or hostile to equal franchise are realizing what a vital weapon the vote would be in the hands of thinking women. For man is essentially a fighting animal. Let there be no mistake about this, and no more time wasted in foolish dreams of World Peace. Governments, not being the mere abstractions we would like to believe, but the consensus of human nature, must continue to explode into war at reasonable intervals. But women, armed with the vote, could rip off the mailed glove and send it to the scrap heap, keep a maternal finger on the manly pulse, and administer quinine when the war microbe entered the system. In other words they would put an end to the present blackguardly form of militarism, while agreeing to the upkeep of small armies and navies with which the masculine portion of the State could let blood when threatened with apoplexy.

Even the German women, when the natural exaltation of war has passed, will be cured of their simple adoration of the male, which is one of the curses of that unhappy country. They will argue that women could not possibly be worse bunglers than men in the conduct of the world's affairs, and might do better. They will enjoy a sinister majority if this war continues much longer, and, aside from their power to seize many a slackened rein, they will cultivate psychology in the boys left them, as well as brain and brawn and sentimentality—that chromo of soul.

The women of England and France have behaved so magnificently that it is hardly likely their governments will deny them any favor they choose to ask; and, as for this country, woman's universal enfranchisement merely waits upon the universal demand of woman herself. It would be the irony of fate if woman owed her



general awakening and emancipation, not to her own efforts, intelligent and otherwise, but to the suicidal act of the nation which is at the same time the most progressive and the most reactionary, the most contemptuous of woman, and the most unpsychological worshipper of brute force, in the modern world.

SUFFRAGE CATECHISM

"Mother, what is a suffrage state?"

"It is the state your father is in, dear child, on election night, when his party wins."

"But what is his party?"

"His party, my darling, is the stout gentleman who calls before the election and talks to him in a low voice out in the hall."

"And what does it mean—'The ballot was cast'?"

"To cast, Algernon, is to fix. The ballot was fixed."

"Was it fixed by the party in the hall?"

"Little son, women don't understand politics; you'd better ask Father."

Juliet Wilbor Tompkins.

WHAT IS FEMINISM?

A ONE-MINUTE SUFFRAGE SPEECH

Feminism is the modern demand of women to be valued rather than desired.

It has for its objective the bringing to light of special powers and capacities which are apart from her personal relations.

It would rate the particular woman at what she can do or contribute rather than at what she can induce some man to think of her.

Far from abrogating the peculiar function of

women, it tends rather to establish it on the basis of social value and to substitute real for sentimental considerations. It is a part of the general movement toward efficiency, and so far as it affects the relations of men and women, proceeds on the assumption that such relations do not exist for their own sake but for what society gets out of them.

Woman suffrage is, perhaps, the largest item in sum of methods by which complete social efficiency is to be achieved. It is sought not so much as a right or privilege but as a means of getting things done expeditiously. The condemnation of indirect influence lies in its being indirect.

The demand for the extension of the ballot to women is coincident with the growing recognition of government as existing not by force but by social consent. The power of consent is one of the chief means of personal development. It is as much needed by women as the full feminine value is needed by society.

Mary Austin.

A woman (in my philosophy) is a human being first—a wife and mother afterward. No true democracy is possible without the addition of her will, expressed freely through the ballot, and thereby registered in law. Maternity is only a function of her being, marriage an episode in her life-span; but her citizenship, her social responsibility, is a continuing daily duty as it should be in man. Self-development, self-expression, are as essential to her as to her brother.

Hamlin Garland.

Would you like an original suffrage cartoon for your headquarters? See "A Note to Our Suffrage Friends," page 3.



NIGHTMARE OF AN ANTI-SUFFRAGIST

"Help! This is no place for me! These people are objecting to taxation without representation."



Madame Anti Makes Her Annual Report

By ANNE O'HAGAN

Illustrated by MAY WILSON PRESTON

Fellow-workers in the great cause of Keeping-Things-as-They-Are, and Sisters in the Close-knit Family of Those-who-Distrust-All-but-Themselves—Ladies:

To begin, I shall ask you to join with me in reciting a few of the fundamental articles of our creed.

First.—All women are fools, and could not use the ballot if they had it.

Second.—All men are greater fools, and women can easily induce them to use the ballot as they desire.

Third.—Woman is too pure to wade in the mire of politics.

Fourth.—Vicious and ignorant women, well-known by us to form the majority of the sex, would vote in overwhelming numbers, degrading the standard of our electorate.

Fifth.—Woman takes no interest in public affairs and begs to be spared the burden of them.

Sixth.—Woman, if enfranchised, would neglect her home and her sacred calling of mother in her feverish, unscrupulous passion for politics.

Seventh.—Woman is already represented at the polls by her father, her husband and her sons. Every well-regulated woman is equipped with these masculine appendages. If she can't bribe or club her males into voting as she wishes,

she had better come to us and take a few lessons in our course on the application of indirect influence.

But time presses. We must proceed from the inspiring recital of our creed to a review of our accomplishments. Ladies, I bring you good tidings. Our cause is prospering. The wave of suffrage hysteria is receding. Last year it engulfed but two States. Since 1910 it has engulfed but seven—only about one-seventh of the number of States in the Union, only about one-half the territory of the nation. Thus you readily perceive that every day we are gaining.

(Continued on page 25)

A Characteristic Question Cabled by Bernard Shaw

WESTERN UNION TELEGRAM

Form 1864

GEORGE W. E. ATKINS, VICE-PRESIDENT

NEWCOMB CARLTON, PRESIDENT

BELVIDERE BROOKS, VICE-PRESIDENT

RECEIVED AT TEL BRUNSWICK 520 BOYLSTON ST

28 B K 52 COLLECT 3 EX RELAY

LONDON JAN 25-1915 VIA FB BOSTON MASS JAN 27-1915

MISS GERTRUDE KINGSTON

WESTMINSTER HOTEL BOSTON MASS

MESSAGE ^{in ms} NORMAN WHITEHOUSE: WHEN ARE THE WOMEN GOING TO TELL

US WHAT THEY SURELY MUST HAVE TO SAY ABOUT WAR ?

AND HOW SOON THEY INTEND TO STOP IT OR HAVE THEY ALL BECOME CHILDISH AND UNREASONABLE OR VILLIANOUS AND COWARDLY OR ROMANTIC AND IMPOSSIBLE

LIKE THE OTHER SEX

SHAW

1116AM

A Reply to the Point by Mrs. Norman Whitehouse

"The Women of America are now organizing a National Woman's Peace Party, of which Miss Jane Addams is president, and which they hope

to make international. Through this organization they will say much about war. But what women have to say about war or peace can-

not be effectively said until they are enfranchised."

Via Boorman Whitehouse



BAND-WAGON BIOGRAPHY

By GEORGE ADE

Illustrated by JOHN T. McCUTCHEON

Many years ago a very small boy attended a lecture by Elizabeth Cady Stanton. He and the other Satanic spawn of the village were so amused by the suggestion that women had a right to vote (the same as a storekeeper or a station-agent or a horse-buyer), that they went up to the town hall and giggled at the speaker and had to be led out by the janitor.

Later on the boy went to college, and, during a debate in the hall of the Emersonian Literary Society, denounced Susan B. Anthony and said that woman's true sphere was—well, you know.

He married and afterward told his wife and

children, possibly for a grand total of one hundred thousand times, that no one could touch pitch without being defiled; that political activity was a synonym for moral degradation, and that it was nobler to turn out a loaf of bread than to amend a city charter.

When the strong-arm girls began to operate in London, he would wave the newspaper at his pallid wife and growing daughters and exclaim: "Wha'd I tell you, huh? Now wha'd'ya think? Ain't I always been right? Things have come to a pretty pass! Hah! Don't talk to me! My goodness! Hah!" This line of talk never can

be refuted, so the wife and daughters remain mute.

One morning, after the man was gray-haired and cautious, he received word from headquarters that the suffrage calamity, which they had been staving off so long, appeared to be imminent and he had better be governed accordingly.

So he put on his dark suit, with a white carnation in the button-hole, and went to a mass-meeting. When called upon, he spoke as follows: "My friends, we have lived to see reason triumph over prejudice. At last woman, etc., etc., etc."



Our food, our health, our home, our schools,
our play are all regulated by men's votes—

Isn't it a funny thing
When father cannot see
Why mother ought to have a vote
On how these things should be?



"I'm a girl baby and I'm going to
be taxed without representation."

To be obtained as post cards from the
National Woman Suffrage Association,
Inc., 605 Fifth Ave., New York City.

TRIUMPHANT MOTHERHOOD

It was Election Day in a certain town, and for the first time the enfranchised women were casting their votes. The "antis," too, were out in force, not to vote, but to prove by horrible examples that the women at the polls were neglecting their helpless young.

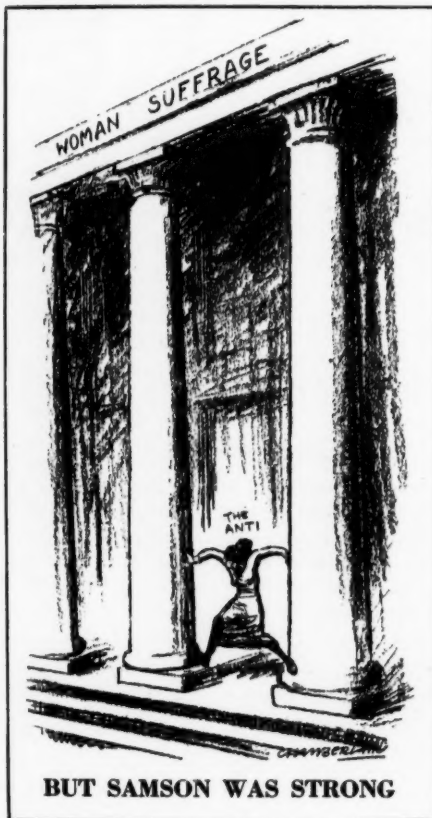
"They won't dare to leave their babies alone at home," the "antis" argued. "We've said too much about *that!* They'll bring them here and Heaven only knows what will happen. Probably they'll lose a few dozen and step on the rest." So they stood around the booths with cameras, ready to take snapshots of the inevitable tragedies.

As they had foretold, the women voters brought their babies to the polls, leading them if they were old enough to walk and pushing them in baby carriages if they were not. As each baby arrived, it was greeted by a man who at once took full charge of it and wheeled or walked it up and down while its mother cast her vote. He seemed a tactful, even a tender person. He sang for the babies, danced for them, and blew whistles; he gave them such large sticks of candy and floated such red balloons before their ravished eyes that the only time they showed distress was when their mothers reclaimed them.

For some time the "antis" studied this unexpected situation, their useless cameras dangling in their hands. Then a heartrending reflection occurred to them, and they addressed a mother who was just starting for home.

"You mothers were fortunate to-day," they said, icily. "But, of course, you realize that you can't expect this sort of thing again. There

won't always be a man at the polls to amuse the babies. This is a rare exception."



BUT SAMSON WAS STRONG

The woman voter regarded them with surprise. "Why, yes, there will," she said. "You know who this man is, don't you?"

The "antis" admitted that they did not, and the voter smiled pityingly upon them as she removed a layer of peppermint candy from her baby's happy face.

"He's the candidate," she explained.

Elizabeth Jordan.

TRIOLET

Do you think it is true
Woman's sphere is the home?
There be many that do.
Do you think it is true?
Well, I leave it to you
As I finish the pome:
Do you think it is true?
Woman's fear is the home.

F. P. A.

THE REAL TRUTH

WILLIS (*sentimentally*): This Suffragette business is all wrong, my dear. Every man wants to keep his wife close to the fireside.

MRS. WILLIS (*fiercely*): You mean the "cook-stove."

Puck is the foremost and most forceful advocate of Suffrage in the weekly field today. Puck is not only a Suffragist—but a Humorist, a Raconteur and an Artist without peer.



By C. B. FALLS

Suffragists, Attention!

I first read the anecdote in a book by Paul Bourget, later in one by Anatole France, though I suppose it is as old as the kitchen-middens of lacustrine humanity. (See any manual of geology for the meaning of this term.) It is about a young lady of Paris, of gay Bohemian habits, who found herself one fine afternoon before a monkey-cage at the Jardin d'Acclimation, in company with Hors Oeuvres, Hors Concours, Hors du Combat (Mlle. Vivandiere), and, of course, Honi soit qui mal y pense. Well, the agile and grotesque animals were cutting-up to beat the band. After watching them for a while, the young lady turned to her companions and casually remarked: "Give them money and they would be real men."

A Common Gambler

It was at Saratoga I met him. He called himself "a common gambler"; in reality, he was an uncommon one. Seldom was a man so cultivated as he. A pagan, no doubt, he was refreshing in his freedom from hypocrisy. Yet, his outward appearance was clerical, so clerical that the artist he most cherished among the moderns nicknamed him "His Reverence." His portrait bore that title when shown. He had no illusions about his social position, nor was he a snob among sports. If his "profession" was alluded to he was neither vainglorious nor shrinking. His was one of the oldest professions, he maintained, almost as old as the one of the Kipling epigram. He said that a man had a run for his money when he gambled; at least, he could see his cash planked down on the green, see it swallowed by the turn of the wheel, or rapt away by an unlucky card. Now, on Wall Street, you seldom see the color of your banknotes after they leave your hands, and, frankly continued my friend, the common gambler, his eye twinkling, "the game is not always as fair as at Saratoga, or Newport, or on Forty-blank Street." Yet, this hard-headed money-getting man was soft-hearted at the right time. I saw him turn out-of-doors in Saratoga (it was in 1906) a young fellow who whimpered over his losses: "Here's your money, return it to the bank; go, and sin no more." It was worth a thousand William Sabbaths, this exhortation, as the chap had used his employer's money, and that was "tainted" for the gambler. But when a millionaire sport wished to play, and behaved himself, then the wheel whizzed its merriest. A Robin Hood of the Green was our gambler. As for his love of pictures and old furniture, it was remarkable. His taste, his judgment, were almost impeccable. His chief god in art was Velasquez. He always called him "The Spaniard." He bought Whistler's at a time when it was a courageous act, but he had no belief in their enduring quality. Shortly before he parted with his unique collection, he said to me, that owing to his poisonous paint W. was doomed to blackening or dessication. "He will live by his etchings, not his pictures," which to-day is only a commonplace of criticism. Lucullus was not more difficult to please than my friend as to the cuisine. He loved the drama, therefore stayed away from our theatres; wasn't fooled by the glitter of operatic music, but adored Plain Chant, and went to Paris, to Rome, any place where he could hear it sung traditionally. Honorable, charitable—many are the tales I could relate—in manners irreproachable, this common gambler died without honors; but I believe that he lived according to his lights, and, while his "profession" was hardly an honorable one, he did less harm in the world than many a much-vaunted whited-sepulchre down in the "street." A portrait of him could be painted only by a novelist doubled by a psychologist, for he was of a complex character; a little of the bulldog, of the philanthropist, and much of the art dilettante. Above all, a man of generous impulses and excellent breeding. Yet—"a common gambler."

Matisse once said: "I condense the signification of the body by looking for the essential lines." I never believe in art movements; they are "mob," and "mob" I despise in art or life. There is in art only temperaments, and Henri Matisse is an original temperament, and the master of several mediums. At the Montross gallery he is on view till the end of February, and, while it is a small gathering of his work, after such a collection as that of Michael Stein at Paris, or after the pictures he sent to the two Post-Impressionist exhibitions in the Grafton Galleries, London (1912 and 1913), it is fairly representative of his rare gifts. Mr. Montross, with his infallible tact, has hung the various canvases as they should be, without any attempt to make "pretty" decorations on his walls. Matisse is never "pretty," though he can be as suavely harmonious as any of his contemporaries. Several of the examples I saw in London and Paris. Why there should be any talk of "mystification" in the presence of these pictures I fail to understand. Compared with Picabia and Picasso, now at the Photo-Secession Galleries, Matisse is as sunny, as simple as a chord of Mozarts. The modern lust after involved polyphony and overloaded orchestration—a la Richard Strauss and Arnold Schoenberg—is not present in Matisse. Simplification to the very bones is his chief trait. This may be noted in his sculpture, which I find powerful, even if morbid in certain pieces. One must go to the early Rodin for anything more stirring or emotionally significant than "The Serf." Matisse is, as Mr. Berenson says, "a magnificent draughtsman and a great designer," and an artist who has "at last found the great high-road traveled by all the best masters of the visual arts for the last sixty centuries at least." The Chinese are his masters, and also of the world, though we are only beginning to find that out, and through the gateway of Japan. But I've always felt the impact of the Matisse temperament. Not soon shall I forget his "Girl With the Green Eyes," his own, and the portrait of his wife. I don't care whether he is a Poster-Impressionist, a Sensitivist, an Expressivist, or a Snark, but I do care very much that he is a master of a line that, as Frank Mather asserts, has had no superior since the time of Pollajulo and the Florentines. What if the concubinage of his colors scream in rhythms that make the flesh creep? There is power, profound sophistication, subtle rhythms, all couched in novel terms. But art, not blague or paradox or reclame! As to the representation of material objects, if the still-life, the flowers, don't convince you, look at the goldfish in that empty atelier—what! Henri Matisse is not a new-comer? He has grown gray in the service of the art. Don't patronize him, please, for you can't overlook him. Approach his work with an open mind, open eyes. Since the deaths of Cezanne, Gauguin, and Van Gogh, he is the master of the field. All the rest—with a few exceptions—is "literature," as Paul Verlaine put it. Mr. Bryson Burroughs, at the same gallery, held a very interesting exhibition. I also enjoyed the Daniel Gallery show, with its strong men: Davies, Lawson, Luks, Samuel Halpert, Marin, Hartley, Kent, Henri, Weir, and H. P. Ryder. At Keppel's there is a collection of drawings by old and modern masters that is very attractive. At Macbeth's, among the "Americans," I noted the brilliant Hayley Lever and mystic Kenneth Miller.

It is a condition, not a theory, that confronts theatrical managers at present. In many years there has been no such a season as this. Road companies are disbanding, numerous stars are in distress, Metropolitan theatres are empty, and play-producers, as well as play-makers, are at their wits' ends. The year 1913 was a meagre one as far as profits, but 1914 will probably be the banner year for failures and a general slump in the show business

The Case of the Theatres

(Continued on page 24)

ROSEMARY FOR REMEMBRANCE

By A. A. MILNE, of London

Illustrated by W. E. HILL

IV. A Secret

For a week I had not seen Rosemary. A whole week had passed—had, indeed, elapsed—without a single invitation from her. Dinner parties, wedding receptions, dances, christening ceremonies, funerals—at none of these had the pleasure of Mr. William Denny's company been looked for by Mr. and Miss Daintry. One wondered what the younger generation was coming to.

However, two days later things began to move. At four o'clock on a fine afternoon, Miss Daintry might have been seen tripping lightly down Regent Street—and five yards behind her, padding sleuth-like in her track, came a tall man of handsome exterior. Could it have been W. Denny? It was.

Rosemary stopped and looked critically at a hat in a window. W. Denny slipped past and looked critically at a shop-walker in the next window. Rosemary moved on. Mr. Denny turned 'round and hurried back in the direction from which he had been coming. He has forgotten his umbrella, perhaps.

"Hallo!" said Rosemary, her face lighting up.

"Well," I said, "this is a surprise!"

"I'm buying a birthday present," she volunteered; "something for father. But I can't think what he wants. If you aren't going in entirely the other direction, you might walk along and make brilliant suggestions." We walked along.

"Fathers are very difficult to give things to," I agreed. "They always have everything. It's disgusting the way they indulge themselves."

"I generally give him a book. He just lives in his library."

"What about a bull-terrier this year for a change?" I suggested hopefully. "We must get him out of his groove."

Rosemary laughed. "Try again," she said. I tried again.

"A sword-stick?" I said, after profound thought.

Rosemary looked doubtful.

"The advantage of a sword-stick," I pointed out, "is that if you are attacked suddenly by a madman, you—well, probably the spring doesn't work. There is that, of course. But you get a good notice in the papers. 'Mr. Daintry, who would have defended himself vigorously if the safety-catch hadn't got stuck, leaves a daughter and a bull-terrier to mourn him.' Oh, I was forgetting. He refused the bull-terrier."

"And the sword-stick, I am afraid," smiled Rosemary.

I sighed sadly before venturing further.

"Wouldn't you call him rather a particular man?" I asked. "One can't please him. Of course, you really ought to have been knitting him something ever since last birthday, and hiding it under the sofa-cushions when he came in. It almost looks as though it would have to be books again, doesn't it?"

"It does, I am afraid. The question is, what book?"

I looked up at the sky. It's very awkward when anybody says "What book?" to the man who has written "The Road to Happiness"—price two shillings and sixpence at all booksellers, or direct from the publishers, Messrs. ———.



Could it have been W. Denny? It was.

"Yes," said Rosemary, "but I've given him that one already." Wonderful intuition women have. I hadn't said a word.

"Why not give him another copy," I suggested, "in case the first copy wears out?"

"Much as he admires the author, whom he particularly wants to meet——"

"He shall," I said firmly.

"He thought you might come down to our country cottage for a week-end," Rosemary explained parenthetically.

"I should love to."

"Hooray! Well, much as—— I've lost that sentence. Where was I up to?"

"You were saying how your father admired me. Dwell on that for a little. I sha'n't mind."

Rosemary laughed.

"What I really want to dwell on is some tea," she said. "It's your turn to have tea with me. If you're one of those manly men who can't bear the idea of a woman ever paying for anything, then you'd better say so now, to avoid a scene inside."

"I should love you to pay for me," I said. "And I'd better warn you—it's my day for cream buns."

We had a very jolly tea—one more meal with Rosemary. Towards the end of it she took a newspaper cutting from her purse. I leant forward with interest.

"Read that," she said. "I cut it out of *The Times* this morning."

"It's a penal offense defacing papers in the public libraries," I protested. "But perhaps you take it in privately."

"We do," said Rosemary severely. "We did even when it was threepence," she added with a grand air.

"Then I'm glad you're paying for tea. Now, then, what's this about?" It was a cutting from the Agony Column:

"If Henry S. Boldero will be at the Oxford Circus Tube at 3:45 p.m. this afternoon with—you know what—the man in the false whiskers standing by the bookstall will be ready to receive it."

"Well?" I said.

"You remember I told you the other day how I always read the Agony Column in *The Times*, and what fun it would be to keep one of the signatures and see what happened. Well, I kept this one."

"What happened?" I asked eagerly.

"I don't know. There was a huge crowd. I suppose they'd all read *The Times*—and after a bit I came away. That was just before I met you."

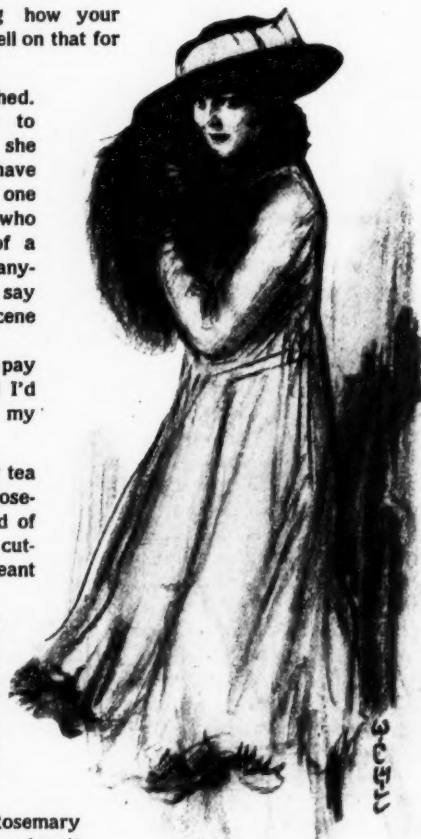
"Ah!" I said profoundly. "I expect it was a secret code and meant something quite different."

"Do you really think so?" said Rosemary.

"I really do."

And I did. In fact, I knew. It meant "I love you and I must see you again soon. You read the Agony Column; you told me so. Then read this and come and see what it means; just for fun. I shall be there too." I put my hand in my waistcoat pocket and fingered the receipt from *The Times*.

"Yes," I said, "I expect it's a bit of a secret." (To be continued.)





PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED STIEGLITZ

Snow in New York

By Richard Le Gallienne

Snow in New York—the same snow,
 With the same soft delicate ways,
 As the lonely country snow:
 The whisper, the hush, and the swirl,
 Like the skirts of a phantom girl,
 Dancing white roundelays
 To the whistle of gusts as they twirl
 At the lonely end of the street.
 Soft — soft — soft——
 How they flutter, and float and fleet,
 Tenderly settling here,
 Tenderly settling there,
 The feathery dots and stars,

The frail irresistible flowers,
 In cornice, in lettered sign,
 In the tracks of the trolley cars,
 In the coils of the women's hair;
 Muffling the giant towers,
 Like the trees in the far-off woods,
 With sleepy soft hoods;
 Till snug and still lies the town,
 As a cradled babe in its down,
 As a maiden in ermine and lawn,
 And hushed as a desert at dawn.

How the town grows a child again,
 And forgets its cares,
 And its grown-up airs,
 And at heart is fain,
 If it dared, to go
 And play in the snow,
 To pelt and to roll in the drifts,
 As it did long ago;
 And a weariness lifts
 From its soul, and the hardest face
 Softens and purifies,
 As though some mysterious grace
 Fell, with the snow, from the skies.



HIS DAUGHTER!

And he thought she was "just a little girl"



PETE HARDFACE OF THE "LAST CHANCE" CAFE HAS THIS TO SAY ON SUFFRAGE:-
"IF WOMEN VOTE, THEY'LL KEEP THEIR HUSBANDS AT HOME TO TALK POLITICS AND RUIN MY BUSINESS."



DROWSY PHIL, THE FREE-LUNCH EXTERMINATOR, EXPRESSES THIS OPINION:-
"IF WOMEN ARE GIVEN EQUAL RIGHTS WITH MEN THEY WILL COMPETE WITH US AT THE FREE-LUNCH COUNTER AND BEAT US TO IT ON ACCOUNT OF THEIR PREVIOUS BARGAIN-COUNTER TRAINING."



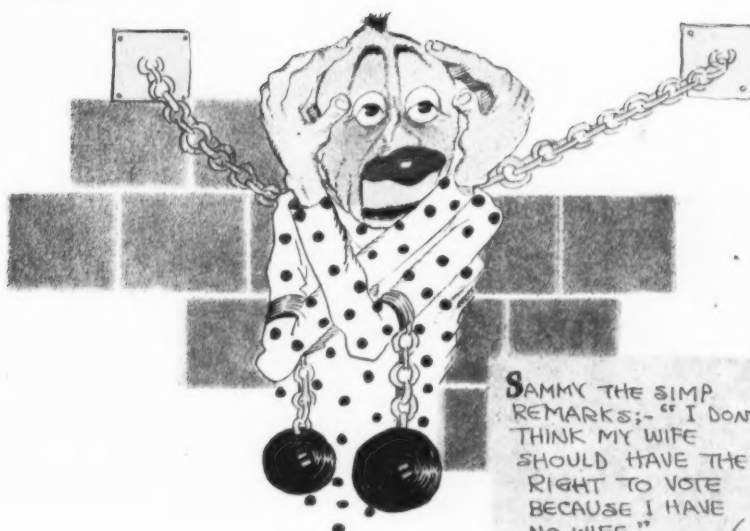
CLARENCE J. GRANITEHEAD, WHO IS EXHAUSTED AFTER LIFTING ONE CUP OF TEA, SAYS:-
"IF WOMEN ARE OUT MAKING POLITICAL SPEECHES AT ELECTION TIME, WHAT WILL I DO FOR DANCING PARTNERS AT TANGO TEAS?"

JOHN X. OATMEAL, HEAD OF THE SAND-BAG TRUST, ADDS:-

"IF MY WIFE JOINS THE OTHER PARTY AND SPENDS, IN THE REFORM MOVEMENT, WHAT I GRAFT FROM THE PARTY IN POWER, THERE'S NO PERCENTAGE IN IT FOR THE FAMILY."



KID GASPIPE, WHO NEVER HEARD OF WORK, HAS THE FOLLOWING TO SAY:- "IF A WOMAN JURY SENT ME TO JAIL, I'D BE TOO MUCH OF A GENTLEMAN TO TELL THEM WHAT I THOUGHT OF THEM AND TOO SORE NOT TO. IF THEY DON'T GET THE VOTE IT WILL SAVE US ALL A LOT OF TROUBLE."



SAMMY THE SIMP REMARKS:- "I DON'T THINK MY WIFE SHOULD HAVE THE RIGHT TO VOTE BECAUSE I HAVE NO WIFE."

R. L. GOLDBERG

Drawn by R. L. GOLDBERG
EXPRESSLY FOR PUCK

Prominent Anti-Suffragists Give Notable Interviews



Look forward, women, always; utterly cast away
 The memory of hate and struggle and bitterness;
 Bonds may endure for a night, but freedom comes with the day,
 And the free must remember nothing less.

Forget the strife; remember those who strove—
 The first defeated women, gallant and few,
 Who gave us hope, as a mother gives us love,
 Forget them not, and this remember, too:

How at the later call to come forth and unite,
 Women untaught, uncounselled, alone and
 Rank upon rank came forth in unguessed might
 Each one answering the call of her own will



By HY MAYER

to come forth and unite,
uncounselled, alone and apart,
forth in unguessed might,
ing the call of her own wise heart.

They came from toil and want, from leisure and ease,
Those who knew only life, and learned women of fame,
Girls and the mothers of girls, and the mothers of these,
No one knew whence or how, but they came, they came.

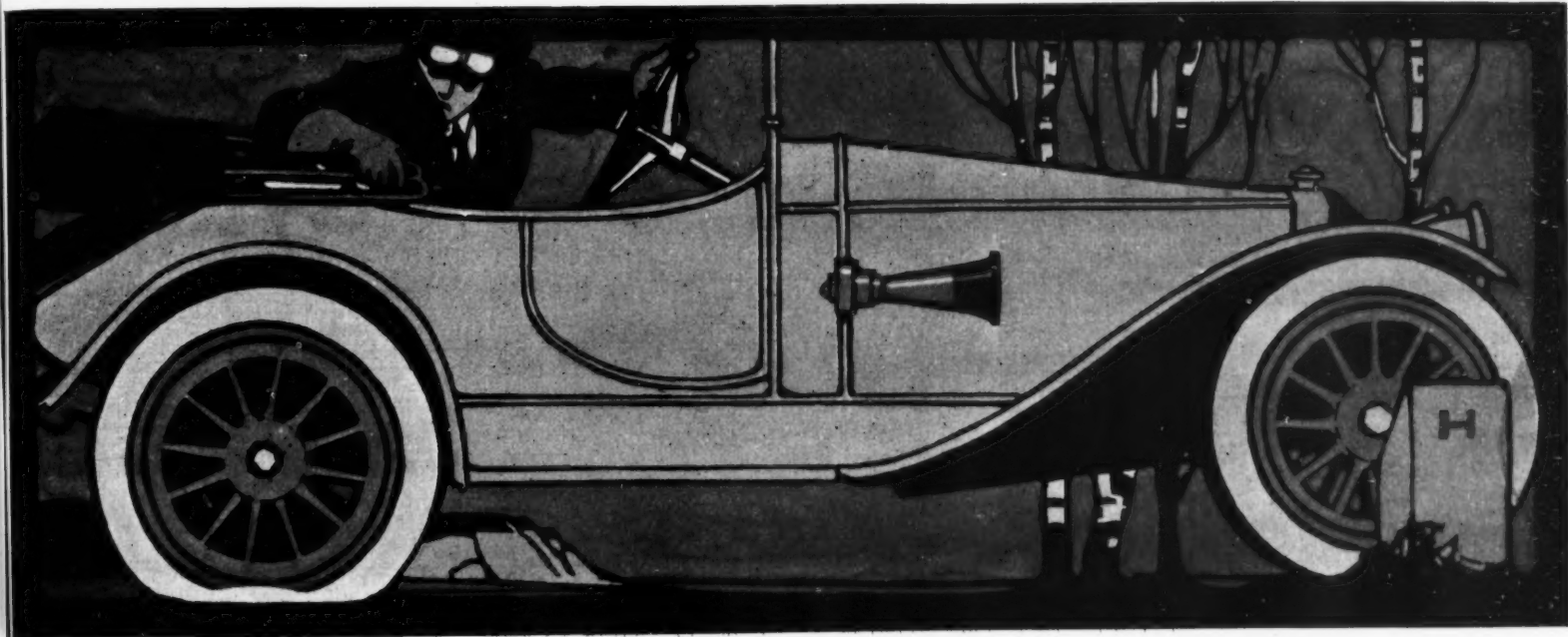
The faces of some were stern, and some were gay,
And some were pale with the terror of unreal dangers;
But their hearts knew this: that hereafter come what may,
Women to women would never again be strangers.

Alice Duer Miller.



PAINTED BY RALPH BARTON

Making the Polls Attractive to the Anti-Suffragists



Gone Flat Again!

No sharp report. Just the gradually perceptible jolting that tells of a leaky tube gone flat again. Hot, shadeless road, and a dusty, dirty job.

That's the story of the needless puncture so common with cheap, machine-made tubes that leak around valves and become porous in service.

The way to avoid these unnecessary punctures is to equip your car with Kelly-Springfield Tubes, which are made *slowly and painstakingly by hand and out of real rubber.*

Kelly-Springfield Tires are made the same way. Use them with Kelly-Springfield Tubes and you will add increased tire mileage to freedom from needless tube trouble.

*Send for "Documents in Evidence"
which tells the experience of others*

Kelly-Springfield Tire Company
Cor. Broadway and Fifty-Seventh Street, New York





THE RETORT PERSONAL

HE: If you get the ballot, aren't you afraid you will neglect the family?
SHE: No; not at all. I wouldn't take that prerogative away from *you*.



THE NEWS IN RIME

Verses by DANA BURNET

Illustrations by MERLE JOHNSON

Good people, pray you lend an ear
To feminine achievements;
Despite the war the Suffrage Cause
Has suffered no bereavements.
While men, with scientific arts,
Were querulously rowing,
The women sat
Behind the spat
And did the well-known ploughing.

The Federated Women's clubs
(Now don't you dare to laugh, sir!),
Whose mobile membership exceeds
A million and a half, sir,
Declared with one united voice
For ballots feminist—
When Phyllis shares
The world's affairs,
'Tis said they'll be less fistie.

The Friendly Sons of Israel
Indorsed the Resolution;
Sir Bryan thinks the vote would look
Divine in lace and ruchin'.
Missouri has a lady judge,
Who quite enjoys the ermine;
Observe, Oh gents,
The influence
Of Portia and her sermon.

From Iceland's frigid parliament
To Denmark and to Sweden,
The Cause has partially restored
The ancient rights of Eden.
It seems the farther north you go,
The more you grant the ladies—
Would it be rude
If we conclude
That men must rule in Hades?

The lady cop has ceased to be
A novel innovation;
The lady engineer has proved
A timelier sensation.
A jury of the Gentle Sex
Sat down on California;
The light that lies
In woman's eyes,
Now warms Montana's cornea.

To Norway's diplomatic corps
A woman was admitted—
A post for which the Subtle Sex
Is admirably fitted.
The Daughters of Nevada have
Their fingers in the batter—
This humble pote
Is for the vote—
We trust that ends the matter.

New York enjoys a taxi dame
Who scorns the tip obsession;
We feel ourselves impelled to join
The feminist procession.
C. Clark came out for votes de femme,
A triumph quite impressive;
Hawaii heard
The magic word
And promptly turned progressive.



Ruck



ON THE OTHER HAND—

By Simeon Strunsky

Illustrated by Hy Mayer

After all, the oldest argument against the suffrage is still the soundest. Men and women cannot be equals in politics because they differ too widely. Man lives in a world of hard fact. Woman reads the Home Page in the afternoon paper. She sees life as summed up by the editor of the New Blouse Column. She faces her responsibilities with the aid of Household Hints. She approaches the servant problem under the guidance of her favorite moving-picture actress. In the world of error and illusion, which goes by the name of the Home Page, the laws of nature are suspended so as to permit the following phenomena:

(a) All women are nineteen years of age, five feet eleven inches tall, and slender. Older, shorter and stouter women have been eliminated in the evolution of the daily fashion hint. They must be sought for in the back pages of the household monthlies under the heading, "matronly."

(b) Charming gowns for evening wear may be produced at a maximum cost of \$11.50. This is done by calling in a little German seamstress at two dollars a day. With the aid of a bit of rare old lace she transforms an old dress into an exquisite creation for which the shops ask five times the price. Where the little German seamstress acquires her Parisian chic, and where her employer obtains the bit of rare old lace is not definitely stated. The method is probably the same as that recommended for the economical feeding of a household of five, as described in the next paragraph.

(c) Families of five may be nutritiously fed on twenty-seven cents a day. The first step is for the woman of the house to dispense with lunch. The second step is to concentrate on apples. It is preferable to have your apples shipped direct to the house by the farmer with whom you spent your last summer vacation, since it is a notorious fact that summer boarders and their hosts invariably part on terms of mutual



affection and esteem. Or else a small amount of mayonnaise will evolve a delicious meal out of what is left over from yesterday. Here is where the essential merit of Home Page economics comes into play. People dine heartily Tuesday on what is left over from Monday; Wednesday on what is left over from Tuesday; Thursday on what is left over from Wednesday; and so on. This is known as the Law of



All women are tall and slender

Cumulative Returns. Enormous savings are obviously effected when a newly married couple can start housekeeping with a single day's provisions in the ice chest and a small but steady supply of mayonnaise.

(d) On the Home Page, women engage in gainful occupations of the most surprising nature. They grow violets for the market on the roofs of the apartment houses. They give ten-minute lectures on the significance of the "Goetterdammerung" to idle rich in limousines between home and the Metropolitan Opera. They establish animal hospitals on abandoned farms. They specialize in ballroom decorations for debutante parties, the object being to emphasize the individuality of the debutante in the color scheme. They act as guides to old ladies who lose their way in the Grand Central Station of the Subway. I take it that on every Home Page there is an editor whose duty it is to devise new lines of business for which there is no conceivable demand and which cannot possibly pay.

(e) Decrepit household furniture may be made useful by means of a bit of cretonne. What mayonnaise is to food, cretonne is to house equipment. The ruling principle here demands that discarded furniture shall be changed into something unrecognizable. If, for example, the old mahogany chair has lost a leg and the old cedar chest has lost its cover, the rule is not to add a leg to the chair and a cover to the cedar chest, but to turn the chair into a clothes trunk and the cedar box into a settee with the aid of a bit of cretonne.

What now can the realities of life mean, what can the vote mean, to one who has dwelt in a world of illusion, of blouse patterns that won't fit, of mayonnaise recipes that won't work, of advice to parents that is bound to kill either the parent or the child? Whereas the man—

While woman absorbs the Home Page and illusion, man absorbs the *Saturday Evening Post* and reality. He reads:

(a) That James Stillman is in the habit of walking through his bank after business hours and switching off electric lights left burning by spendthrift clerks.

(b) That Charles M. Schwab once put up a million-dollar smelting furnace and being struck with a new idea tore down the plant and built a new one.

(c) That the late E. H. Harriman saved old envelopes and used them for memoranda slips.

(d) That William A. Jones laid the foundations of success by putting \$1,000 into stock and \$990,000 into advertising.

(e) That the only thing which sells goods is honest workmanship. Now all this is real, all this is earnest, and the man who studies life in the *Saturday Evening Post* is qualified to vote. Can we say as much for the readers of the Home Page?



MISTRESS MARY

*Mistress Mary, quite contrary,
How did your garden grow?*

Oh, once in the way of Grandmother's day,
Precepts all in a row,
Borders of Ladies — must — never — do — this —
A sweet little posy or two,
Grown for an ornament, grown for a kiss,
Made for a masculine buttonhole's bliss,
And that's how my garden grew.

*Mistress Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?*

There is never a trace of its olden grace —
I have ploughed up border and row.
Grandmother shrieks at my ruthless deeds;
I have pruned the lily and rose;
But where were a thousand useless weeds
I have cleaned the earth and have planted seeds —
And that's how my garden grows.

*Mistress Mary, quite contrary,
And how will your garden grow?*

I look for a Spring of blossoming
Of sturdy plants in a row —
Faith and hope and a high endeavor,
Since these are the seeds I sow;
Love and fellowship all together,
Grant me a season of decent weather,
And then watch my garden grow.

Theodosia Garrison.

EMPHATICALLY YES

"Do you women realize what you are doing? Suppose you got to holding office—with your inexperience it would be ten years before you would be ready to pass any laws."

"Well, ask any business man if that wouldn't be the best thing that could possibly happen to the country."



THE SANDS OF COMMON SENSE

CHORUS OF ANTIS: Turn the glass over, somebody, or it'll be too late!

THE AMERICAN IDEA

WILLIS: Going down to vote?

GILLIS: No. Haven't got the time. What's the use, anyway? The politicians have the elections all fixed. I don't register half the time.

WILLIS: But this is on the proposition of giving the women the right to vote.

GILLIS: Give me my hat quick! We've got to knock that out. The idea of their wanting a share in the most sacred and cherished right that a man has!

WOULDN'T DO

HE: What is your organization trying to do?

SHE: Trying to get a vote for every wife.

HE: That wouldn't do. On that basis some of our prominent actors would get five or six votes.

PUCK is very much like a woman—who wants to be more beautiful and more clever than any of her rivals

TRUE

JAGGS: In spite of all yoush have said we men are still yoursh lords and masters. Take it from me, you women will never vote in this state.

HIS WIFE: That's right. Any woman who votes will be perfectly sober.

GOSBECK ON SUFFRAGE

For single or for widowed souls
'Tis not a vital thing;
But I would open wide the polls
To every wedding ring.

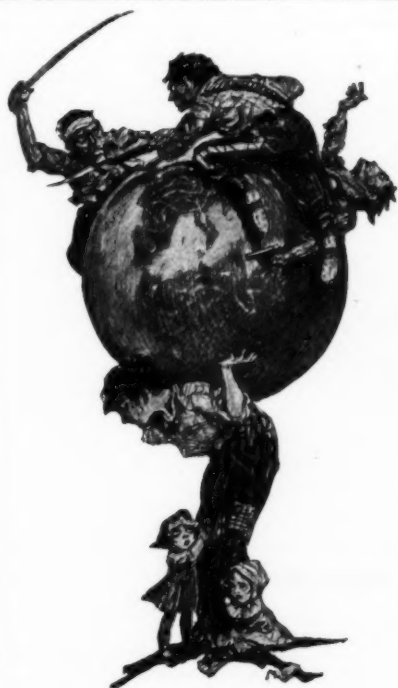
I'm not a fighter, as you note —
A gentle, peaceful man;
And I have never had my vote
Since I have married Ann.

My instincts are Protectionist
And Battleship Expense,
But mortal husband can't exist
In constant self-defense.

When but a single vote is lent
To every married pair,
There's criminal disfranchisement
Whenever Ann is there.

I'm willing she should take my ties,
My sweater's as her own,
But let her ballot publicwise,
And leave my vote alone!

Juliet Wilbor Tompkins.



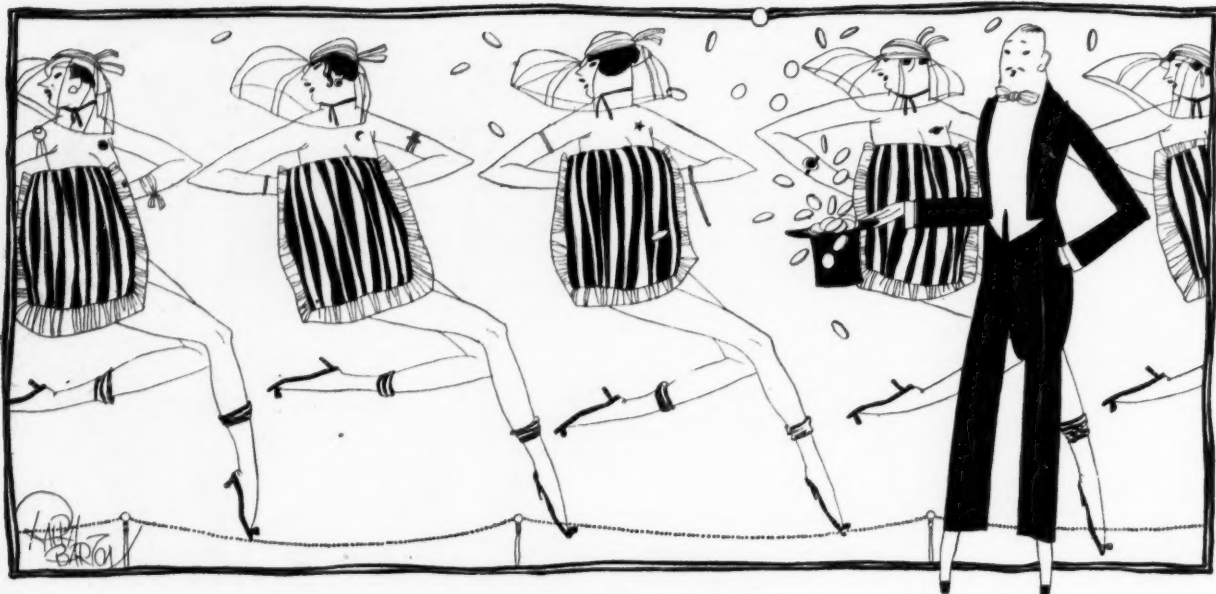
THE WEAKER SEX

Ruck

The Puppet Shop

By GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Illustrations by RALPH BARTON



How to pull gold coins out of the air

Twenty Arguments Against Equal Suffrage

In many instances, I hold that equal suffrage is a ridiculous thing. The theory that both sexes should have a like right to the ballot is, to me, absurd. At least, the theory that, other things being equal, *all* members of both sexes should be entitled to the ballot. I believe there is a limit. A sound limit. I believe, therefore, that men should not be given the vote on the following grounds:

1. Chorus men.
2. Expert maxixers.



Anti-suffrage.—The theory that the male who, after listening to or reading a speech of Theodore Roosevelt, votes for Theodore Roosevelt, is a more intelligent, more logical, and less emotional soul than the female who refuses to vote for Theodore Roosevelt because she doesn't like his mustache.

3. Theatre orchestra leaders.
4. Theatre orchestra musicians.
5. Bachelors who get married.
6. The board of directors of Richard Bennett's "Purpose Play Society."
7. Character actors.
8. Vice crusaders.
9. Dramatic critics who hail Charles Klein as a genius. Or Stanley Houghton. Or Granville Barker.
10. Men who have pictures of naked ladies hanging on the walls of their apartments.
11. Men who smoke a cigar down to within an eighth of an inch of the butt—and consider it a subject for boast.
12. Men who are compelled to resort to oaths to convey a sense of virility.
13. Barbers and cab starters.
14. Men who get caught.
15. Men who mix Bronx cocktails without flavoring the shaker with a slice of banana.
16. Men who tip newsboys who light a match the moment they detect said men extract a cigarette.
17. Men who wear Robert Edeson's kind of shoes.
18. Men who talk learnedly to women.
19. Men who expect the women to listen to them.
20. Men who, upon an introduction, say: "I beg pardon, I didn't catch the name."

Whether or not I personally believe in giving women the vote has nothing to do with the case. The fact remains that I do believe that a woman who would vote for Woodrow Wilson for President is a creature more soundly to be entrusted with the privilege of the ballot than the man who would vote for William Sulzer.

The Ballot of the United States.—The theory that democracy is unlike a musical comedy; and the insinuation that, if it actually be like a musical comedy, it is a successful one because it hasn't got any chorus girls.

Handbook of Theatrical Magic

Being

A Manual of Legerdemain, Explaining a Series of Tricks With Coins, Etc.

I

THE DISAPPEARING TWO DOLLARS

Effect.—Two one dollar bills are shown and laid on the sill of a box-office window. They suddenly disappear and in their place is found a ticket to a particularly bad play, worth about a nickel.

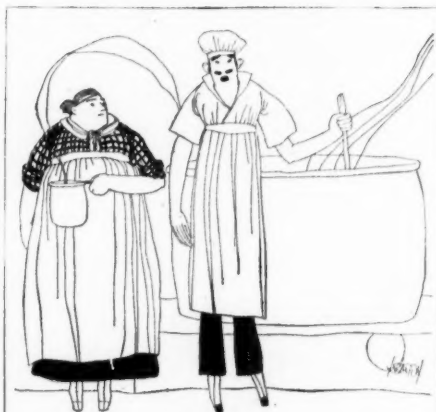
Explanation.—The explanation is the success of the movies.

II

TO MAKE SENSE DISAPPEAR FROM A PLAY

Effect.—A play is shown to the audience. The audience suddenly observes that all the sense of the play has vanished.

Explanation.—This is a very simple, and, on Broadway, usually a very effective trick. No apparatus is required. All that is necessary for the trick is to obtain a new play by Charles Klein or Augustus Thomas and show both sides of the



Anti-suffragist.—One who believes that a woman who cooks a fine beef stew is *ipso facto* not so well fitted to cast the ballot as the restaurant chef who cooks a bad beef stew.

play to the audience. If a French play is to be used, it is merely necessary to have the play adapted by George Egerton.

III

THE SPIRIT BILLBOARD

Effect.—A new play is produced and the next day all the billboards in the city are seen mysteriously to bear the legend: "Biggest hit in twenty-five years. Seats on sale three months ahead."

Explanation.—To execute this trick, it is essential that the prestidigitator procure in advance a copy of "Cinderella." Before doing the trick, he must hide this "Cinderella" in some modern clothes. All is then in readiness. To turn the trick it is not even necessary for the prestidigitator to roll up his sleeves.

IV

THE MYSTERIOUS SONG HIT

Effect.—A music show soubrette appears and gargles some notes. Five minutes later the audience is discovered to be whistling.

Explanation.—Take a catchy song like "'Twas in September" and re-name it "California and You." Or one like "You're Here and I'm Here" and re-name it "Same Sort of Girl."

V

THE DISAPPEARING AUDIENCE

Effect.—A very poor play is visible on the stage of a Broadway theatre. The house is crowded. A year later, after the very poor play has finished its successful run, another play is made visible on the same stage, and—presto!—the house is suddenly empty.

Explanation.—The second play is a very good play.



C 6 may be changed back into C 4

VI

TO CHANGE ONE CHAIR INTO ANOTHER

Effect.—An orchestra chair is observed, let us say, in C 4. A man enters the theatre, hands the usher the coupon for the orchestra seat in C 4, and is presently beheld sitting in C 6.

Explanation.—The usher.

Footnote.—C 6 may be changed back into C 4. This is a customary termination to the trick. To effect the change, it is merely necessary to wait until everyone in the vicinity is seated and the first act is reaching its most interesting point. The usher must then hurry down the aisle and talk at the top of his (or her) voice, whereupon the protagonist will gather up his things, step on the corn of the fat lady in C 4, who will be unable to rise, and plump himself down in her lap. This trick always provokes much comment. It may be made especially effective if the person doing the trick is careful to distract the entire attention of his audience from the stage.

VII

HOW TO INCREASE THE SIZE OF THE HEAD SEVERAL INCHES

Effect.—An actor is seen wearing a 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ " hat. The next morning, the same actor is seen wearing an 8 $\frac{3}{4}$ " hat, which somewhat binds his forehead.

Explanation.—Get hold of a mediocre actor, cast him in a sure-fire part, and let him read the notices of several misguided dramatic critics.

VIII

HOW TO PULL GOLD COINS OUT OF THE AIR

Effect.—The prestidigitator draws what is apparently an inexhaustible amount of gold coins from out of the air about him. He shows his hands before performing the trick, and they are seen to be perfectly empty.

Explanation.—Before being able to perform the trick, the prestidigitator must procure a good-looking chorus. Before exhibiting the good-looking chorus to the public, he must undress it.



BLACK & WHITE

Scotch Whisky

There is more Black and White sold than any other Scotch—

Because it is so good, and such excellent value for the money.

And one of the chief points of value in Black and White is its absolute purity.

ALEX D **SHAW** & CO NY

Suffrage Organizations May Increase Their Campaign Funds

We have a plan by which members of Suffrage Committees may add materially to their campaign funds. Very little time and effort is required. Write at once for full particulars.

PUCK PUBLISHING CORPORATION 301 Lafayette St., New York

THE SEVEN ARTS

(Continued from page 9)

everywhere, from Galveston to Seattle. Without wishing to probe too deeply into origins, let us look at the four causes assigned for the deplorable facts. The first, and it seems to be the most popular—at least, we hear it most often—is the war; an easy formula for depression of all sorts, from politics to art. The second, is the widespread popularity of moving pictures. The third, our lack of taste for sound drama; and lastly, the vast influx of immigrants, who are supposed to possess no taste at all, and therefore drag us down to the level of their childish intelligence.

Now, in all of these reasons, there lurks a grain of truth; but hardly a whole truth. As regards our native defects, there is this much to be said: Bad plays to-day are not novelties on our boards, as Professor Brander Matthews has proved. Our fathers shuddered, more or less, over "The Black Crook," and, when "The Pink Domino" was first given in America, a wall arose because of its intrinsic immorality; to-day it serves as the vehicle for rather naive humor in a comic opera. And the "tired businessman," like the politician, has always been with us, always will be. Stupid plays, mediocre actors, and the absence of stock companies, coupled with a mounting tariff for admission, have frightened away the average patron of our playhouses. Earning his money in a not too facile manner, he argues that he gets more for a quarter of a dollar at a film show than he does for a dollar at the regular theatre. Nor need this argument demonstrate his depravity of taste. If he is to blame, then, too, the managers are to blame; but, when it resolves itself into a question of price, the man in the street is right. The truth is, that we have no dramatic institutions in America analogous to those on the continent. We once had stock companies where excellent plays were adequately presented; where the company became a training ground for many a future star; but the stock company has vanished, and to expect our government to provide a subvention for such admirable establishments—that way politics lie.

Remedies

The wealthy man has been tried and found wanting. For example, there is the Century Theatre in New York City; originally intended as the home of opera comique, then transformed into a theatre with a competent band of actors. It was made over as the Century Opera Company, at "popular prices." That, alas! has failed, as has failed the Liebler Company, to whose enterprise we have enjoyed so many great artists from abroad. Is there no balm in Gilead? If the "stock" is gone, gone, too, is the star system—for how long, who may dare to say? Plays of the first order, "literary," as well as theatrically effective, have been tried this season in New York, and found wanting. Even that trusty old card, Shakespeare, hasn't drawn. The paradoxical side of the question is, that never before in the history of the publishing business have so many books been printed about the drama, about the new theatre—always "New," and ever old—about Ibsen, Tolstoy, Shaw, Galsworthy, the innovations of Gordon Craig, the "new acting," the poetic drama of Percy Mackaye, the meaning of masques, the symbolism of the dance—a perfect deluge of titles will occur to our readers. These books sell, but why don't their readers go to the theatre and see plays, instead of reading them between covers? The answer comes pat: Where are these plays to be seen and heard? The manager shrugs his shoulders, and consoles himself with the spectacle of George M. Cohan rolling out one success after another. The manager knows. He has tried the "new," the poetic drama, and he couldn't pay his electric light bills with the box-office receipts. Who is to blame? Is there also a slump in good taste? No; because bad, indifferent, or mediocre plays have failed this season. It's "atmospheric," then, this bad theatrical year.

Hopes

Our notion is that, as astronomically the sun and moon are in occasional harmony, with resultant stormy weather, the combination of war and bad business conditions have made themselves felt more severely in the amusement world than elsewhere. To maintain that our large and growing foreign population is a serious factor may be offset by the very simple statement that these same immigrants from Eastern and Southeastern Europe throng their own theatres to enjoy plays by such masters as Ibsen, Tolstoy, Brieux, Shaw, Echeveray, and other "moderns." The present writer has heard in Yiddish and on the Bowery dramas by great playwrights that wouldn't fill a Broadway theatre. The poor Italians have such companies as the Sicilian, with Mimi Aguglia, one of the most temperamental actresses of her times. But in default of such plays and actors they are forced to fall back on the cheap moving pictures. No particular one of the four causes assigned is to blame, but perhaps the aggregation in action has proved too much for the prosperity of our theatres. And then the prices are too high, always too high. The vanity of stars and the managerial cupidity, in conjunction with a foolish display in productions, are to blame. We might profitably take a page from the wisdom book of continental theatres. Moderate prices, plays for all tastes—there is an audience for good drama, despite managerial disbelief—a return to the old stock company methods, and it is not beyond the bounds of possibility that the present streak of ill-luck would quite disappear from theatre-land.

PUCK'S DIRECTORY
of
New York's
DRAMATIC
OFFERINGS



48th ST. THEATRE East of Broadway
Tel. 178 Bryant

SIXTH BIG MONTH

THE LAW OF THE LAND

WITH JULIA DEAN

And a superb cast including George Fawcett—Milton Sills
Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2.15. Evenings 8.15
Thursday Matinee, Best Seats \$1.00

CANDLER Theatre, West 42nd St., n'r
B'way. Tel. Bryant, 6344.
Evenings 8.30 Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2.30

BIGGEST HIT IN 25 YEARS

COHAN & HARRIS present
(by arrangement with Arthur Hopkins)

THE NEW PLAY "ON TRIAL"

By E. L. Reizenstein Seats 8 weeks ahead

GEO. COHAN'S Theatre, B'way, 43d St.
Eves 8.15 Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2.15

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE
AND LAUGH
TILL YOU GASP

REPUBLIC West 42d St. Eves 8.30
Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2.30

KICK IN
A play of New York life
By WILLARD MACK

With JOHN BARRYMORE, JANE GREY,
JOSEPHINE VICTOR, Others

FULTON W. 46th Street. Ev'g 8.20
Matinees Wed. & Sat., 2.20

MANAGEMENT H. B. HARRIS ESTATE

TWIN BEDS

By Margaret Mayo SELWYN & CO.'S
and Salisbury Field LAUGH FESTIVAL

ELTINGE 42d St. W. of B'way. Eves 8.15
Matinees Wed. & Sat. at 2.15

A. H. Woods presents an American play in 5 Acts

THE SONG OF SONGS

By Edward Sheldon. Based on the novel
by Herman Sudermann

With John Mason, Thomas A. Wise, Others

Cohan & Harris' Broadway and Forty-Fifth Street
ASTOR Ev'g 8.15. Mats Tues. & Sat. 2.15

"HELLO BROADWAY"

With

GEO. M. COHAN WM. COLLIER

HIPPODROME

Sixth Avenue 43rd to 44th Streets

Evenings at 8 Daily Mat. at 2
25c. to \$1.50 25c. to \$1.00

Mammoth Winter Circus Supreme



PRINTS from PUCK

An interesting and handsome
catalogue of the most notable
prints that have appeared in
America's *Cleverest Weekly*,
sent to any address on receipt
of 10 cents in stamps.

Puck

301 Lafayette Street, New York City

MATISSE
EXHIBITION
Through Feb. 27th
ONTROSS
GALLERY

550 Fifth Avenue
Above 45th Street

Admission - - - 25 cents

Illustrated catalog sent for 25c.

**Intelligent and
Independent Women**

know the good there is in

Evans'
Ale

and that it is worthy the attention of the Steward
of the home. A food and stimulant. The Home
Beverage. Made in America for 129 years.
All Good Dealers.

C. H. EVANS & SONS, Hudson, N. Y.

Vaseline

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Hair Tonic

A natural health-giving
tonic for the hair.
Prevents falling and
dandruff.
Stimulates the natural
growth.

Send 10c. for trial size bottle

CHESEBROUGH MFG. COMPANY
[Consolidated]

51 State Street New York



DIARY

October 27, 1820

A fine day for the hunt. We
started at daybreak and gathered
at noon for dinner. We
took with us some good

Old Overholt Rye

"Same for 100 years"

Todayas of yore Old Overholt
is still chosen as the one beverage
to season a good day's sport.
Its uniform purity and flavor
make it the choice of all critical
men. Aged in the wood,
bottled in bond.

A. OVERHOLT & CO.
Pittsburgh, Pa.





EASY

MADAME PRESIDENT: And how did you get such a full account of the anti-suffrage club?
ENTHUSIASTIC SUFFRAGIST: Why, they went into secret session!

THE GREAT HOUR

When women vote—and who shall say
 How soon will dawn that thrilling day?—
 I know the things we now abhor
 Will disappear forevermore,
 And be as dust along the way.

O man, why loiter and delay?
 The summons of your brain obey,
 For Progress comes through life's great door
 When women vote.

Let there be justice! Let us slay
 The ancient pride, the old dismay,
 Knowing that Greed, and Gain, and Thor,
 The awful burden of wild War,
 Will vanish like the twilight gray
 When women vote!

Charles Hanson Towne.

Madame Anti Makes Her Annual Report

(Continued from page 6)

Let us but keep untarnished our high contempt for mathematics—a branch of learning most unwomanly when applied to aught but household accounts and auction scores—and I shall shortly be able to proclaim to you our entire victory over our misguided enemies, and our freedom to return to the homes which we love so wordily and which we have abandoned for the Platform only from the sternest sense of duty.

The times have been fighting with us to bring about this notable recession of suffrage sentiment which I have just reported to you. The great war, frightful as it is, has had its compensations; not only has it revived the womanly art of knitting and thus been a boon to yarn factories, as well as to young women at the awkward age when they do not know what to do with their hands, but it has also brought us face to face with the question of the basis of government. As we Antis never weary of pointing out, even at the risk of monotony, Home is the corner-stone of the State, the Family is the keystone in the arch of civilization. And where, ladies, would the Home be to-day in Europe, where would the Family be, if our misguided sisters, the suffragists, had succeeded in their unnatural ambition to win a voice in government? I need not formulate the reply. Brussels, Rheims, Louvain, answer for me. Man, the Voter, Man who decrees war and war supplies, Man whose proud chest swells over the size of the army budget, Man the Hero, the Arms-Bearer, he, from a hundred bomb-laden aeroplanes, behind the



Served by men whose hospitality is of national repute—whenever the occasion demands a cocktail of surpassing richness and flavor. So simple to serve—merely strain through ice. No mixing; no fussing with different ingredients.
CLUB COCKTAILS are mixed by experts—and bottled. They are aged in the wood to secure the true perfection of the blend.

AN Varieties at Your Dealer's.
G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO.
 Hartford New York London
 Importers of the famous Brand's A-1 Sauce

batteries of a thousand howitzers, is showing how sacred to him is the preservation of the home; while woman, physically, spiritually, temperamentally incapable of that glorious task, sits in the safe shelter his love and chivalry provide for her, enduring, to be sure, the anxieties attendant upon delayed and censored mails, but shielded as always from the ruder aspects of life and reality. Let us never forget the answer which Poland, Belgium—all Europe—fling to-day to the suffragists' plea; let us never forget that the Home is the unit of the State, and man is the final protector of the Home. The Vote belongs to the Home's ultimate defender!

Ladies, I thank you.

OUT TO-DAY THE MARCH CENTURY

"The Kaiser and His Court" begins the Spanish Infanta Eulalia's recollections of great rulers and their courts, which is to appear under the general heading, "Cabbages and Kings." It is about the Kaiser when he was young and as he is now. He never forgets her bacon and marmalade and eggs, she says, when she is a visitor. She speaks highly of the Kaiser. Oliver Herford makes the pictures for the piece.

"A Woman at a Prize-Fight" records a woman novelist's feelings at a recent well-known fight. Inez Haynes Gillmore enjoyed the fight, and writes the piece.

Of every famous man there are two—the legendary and the other. John Palmer demolishes the legendary Bernard Shaw in "HARLEQUIN OR PATRIOT?"

JULIAN CARILLO is a Mexican musical revolutionist, famous even at home. Maria Cristina Mena enthusiastically presents him to the United States.

There are also in the March Century Lindley M. Garrison on the army, Simon Lake on the submarine, etc., etc., including, as always in this magazine, pictures and pictures and pictures—

BEGINNING IN THE APRIL CENTURY

"ME", the astounding autobiography of a woman novelist—that is, for about a year. It's anonymous.

WHY NOT NOW?

(Special offer for new readers)

THE CENTURY, 353 Fourth Ave., New York City.

Gentlemen: I enclose \$1.00, for which please send me *The Century* for four months, beginning with the April number.

Name.....
 Address.....

(P. 3)

J. ROGERS WARNER
 936 Lockwood Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.
 I should like to smoke five of your Private Havana cigars. Enclosed find 20c. toward shipping expenses.
 I prefer (.....) Light (.....) Dark cigars.
 Name.....
 Address.....
 (Please pin coupon to your business letter-head or business card, stating your position.)

Smoke Five Free

I make this offer especially to men accustomed to smoking 10c. and two-for-25c. cigars.

For these are the men who most appreciate the exquisite flavor of my private Havana.

The leaf is from a mountainous district in Cuba. It is selected for me by a resident expert. Then made up especially for me under my monogram brand. In 40 years of smoking I have never found so mild and sweet a smoke.

I want you to know, as thousands already do, what a delightful smoke this is. If you don't say that these cigars at \$3 per hundred are the peer of any 10c. cigar you ever smoked, the trial will have cost you nothing.

My Offer: Send me 20c. toward shipping expenses and I will send you trial cigars. Then you can get future supplies at my low price—\$5 per hundred, \$2.50 for fifty, all charges prepaid. I offer other cigars, too, for those who like heavier, stronger smokes. You will find them described in my booklet. But send for the trial J. Rogers Warner Panetelas now. The coupon above is for your convenience. (40)

J. ROGERS WARNER
 936 Lockwood Bldg. Buffalo, N. Y.



White Rock

"The World's Best Table Water"

Is superior on all occasions.

From the famous White Rock Mineral Springs, Waukegan, Wis. Office, 100 Broadway, N. Y.



The Keeley Treatment

TAKES AWAY THE APPETITE FOR DRUGS OR DRINK

Drunkenness and drug using are nervous diseases. Our scientific treatment restores nerve cells to original unpoisoned conditions—does not nauseate. No inconvenience experienced in discontinuing the use of our remedies. Half a million cured in thirty-five years.

FOR INFORMATION WRITE TO FOLLOWING KEELEY INSTITUTES:

Hot Springs, Ark.	Dwight, Ill.	Oklahoma City, Okla.	Waukegan, Wis.
Los Angeles, Cal., Marsh-Strong Bldg.	Marion, Ind.	Philadelphia, Pa., 812 N. Broad St.	Winnipeg, Man.
San Francisco, Cal., Douglas Bldg.	Plainfield, Ind.	Pittsburg, Pa., 4246 Fifth Ave.	Guatemala City, Guat.
Jacksonville, Fla.	Crab Orchard, Ky.	Omaha, Neb., Cor. 25th & Cass Sts.	Mexico City, Mexico
Grand Rapids, Mich., 733-35 Ottawa Av., N.W.	Portland, Me.	Salt Lake City, Utah	London, England
	Columbus, Ohio	Seattle, Wash.	



CUSTODIAN OF THE BALLOT

JAG (on election day): Now understand me! I ain't got nothin' against a woman votin'. If women want the right to vote, and ask me, I'll give it to 'em.

A teaspoonful of Abbott's Bitters with your Grape Fruit makes an ideal appetizing tonic. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps.
O. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

AN EDITOR'S CONVERSION

By Frank Crowninshield

A few years ago I attended an anti-suffrage meeting. I went to it with the completest sympathy. I believed that I was one of them.

The lady who is now the chief of all anti addressed the meeting. I left it a violent believer in suffrage for women.

All this was in the early days, when the lady had just assumed her role of Canute. The waves of suffrage were just beginning to moisten her feet and ankles. They were the same waves which are now well over the tops of her rubber-boots. In a few years more we shall be able to determine just how long a lady can stay under water without coming up for air.

One of the things which she said, and which—perhaps because of its startling originality—seemed mightily to please the audience, was that the best life for women was, not in holding office, or offices, but in remaining in the home.

Now, there is no more dreary platitude which can issue from the lips of an anti than that which reads: "If American women ran their homes as well as American men ran their offices, their would be fewer bar-rooms and fewer divorces."

May I be permitted, after twenty years of work in American offices, slightly to revise this old favorite and make it read as follows: "If American men helped American women as much in their homes as the women help the men in their offices, there would be no bar-rooms and no divorces at all." Or, if this amendment of the hoary classic cannot easily be carried, let me offer still another revision of it: "The only reason why American men's offices are so admirably run is that

the men do not run them." They only run the women—a task in which they have always had pretty fair luck.

Fifty years ago there were in this country less than five thousand women employed in clerical capacities. To-day there are over a million of them. Fifty years from now there will be—but who can tell how many?

Have these million or more women done their work so badly? Have they shown that they are lacking in industry or unworthy of further trust? Have they been unwilling to improve themselves? Are they morally, spiritually, or mentally, less exalted than the men who have employed them? Are they deficient in integrity, obedience, character, loyalty, or—best of all—in pluck? If they have fought, long and uncomplainingly, in the trenches; if they have earned their medals during fifty years of actual field experience, can't they be trusted to do their share in directing the war which they have all been waging, and which they will all continue to wage—the war to make the world a fitter place for men and women to live in?

Red, Weak, Weary, Watery Eyes.
Relieved By Murine Eye Remedy. Try Murine For Your Eye Troubles. You Will Like Murine. It Soothes. Doesn't Smart. An Eye Tonic.

UNLIKE THE MEN

HE: Suppose you get into office and there's a proposition comes up that you know absolutely nothing about. What would you do?

SHE: Unlike the men, I think we'd have sense enough not to meddle with it.

WANTED—AN IDEA!

WHO can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas, they may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions," and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." RANDOLPH & CO., Patent Attorneys, Dept. 165, Washington, D. C.



GREAT TRIAL OFFER!

Your Chance to Learn about California, its Great Fairs, its Business, Housekeeping, Sports, etc. Send

25c.—Coin or Stamps—3 Mos. Regular Rate \$1.50 a Year

Send It Now to

The Out West Magazine
Los Angeles, California

THE GREAT MIRAGE

By JAMES L. FORD

The eyes of youth, looking toward the City, see a glittering horizon, and Mr. Ford—who knows his city as few men know it—tells with a skill and good-humored brilliance in this novel what is behind the reflection of the great mirage.

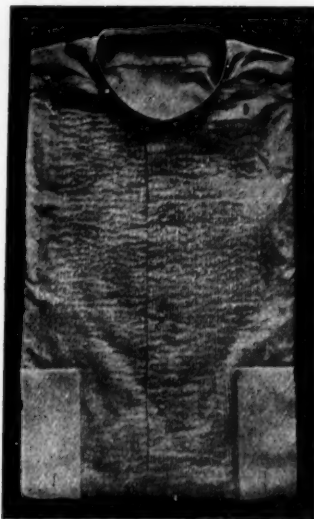
\$1.35 net

HARPER & BROTHERS

Puck is printed by the Puck Press for the Puck Publishing Corporation (Nathan Straus, Jr., President; H. Grant Straus, Secretary and Treasurer), 301 Lafayette Street, New York City. The contents of Puck are fully protected by copyright and must not be reproduced without permission.

The Correct Shirt for Dress Wear

White Tucked
At \$1.50



THE SHIRT OF THE HOUR for dress—sometimes called "Mushroom Plaits"—a shirt that would be hard to find anywhere at \$2, and that many haberdashers sell for \$3. Fine fabrics, well made, with the fashionable, soft, turn back cuffs.

The Shirt for Dancing

Sent by Parcel Post to Any Point in America

ABRAHAM AND STRAUS

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK



Edited by Women about Women

The Special Suffrage Number of

The New York Evening Post

Next Thursday, February 25, 1915

If you haven't kept track of "The Cause," here's your chance to become as wise as can be in one bound.

Like last year's, but better. The best thing of its kind ever prepared by any newspaper.

Agents

of good address wanted by a reputable house, in every locality. No previous experience necessary. Prompt settlements and easy hours.

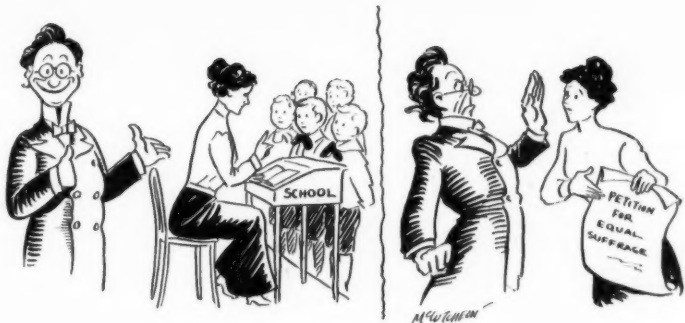
BOX A2.

ADDRESS

Puck

301 LAFAYETTE STREET, NEW YORK

In writing to advertisers, please say "I saw it in Puck."



He thinks woman is competent to prepare his son to be a voter—

— But that she is not competent to vote herself.

ON VOTING

Of course you'll vote, O uncrowned queens!
For years I've never dared to doubt it;
But do you know what voting means?
Sit still; I'll tell you all about it:

I vote on each election day —
It seems to be the proper caper;
Besides, I've always loved to play
At making foolish marks on paper.

I've voted — oh, for heaps of things —
For all-corrective legislation,
For curbing trusts, for smashing rings,
To help a friend, to save the nation —

Perhaps to keep our morals sound,
Or make us strong in peace and wartime;
And, after all, the world went 'round
Precisely as it did aforetime!

Still, balloting's a pleasant sport
That coaxes men from money-getting
To back a candidate — in short,
An inexpensive form of betting.

But, as a weapon — tush and pish!
To those that hold a true perspective
A vote is something like a wish,
And almost equally effective.

If any time we take by storm
And cleanse the courts of State or City,
Our instrument of high reform
Will be a Vigilance Committee!

Yet who am I of croaking note?
Your nobler intellect we bow to;
Go on, Hypatia, and vote!
Perhaps, in time, you'll teach us how to.

Arthur Guiterman.

A SPICY RETORT

"Now wouldn't you like to walk with your husband to the polls and cast in your vote with his?" asked the city lady of Mrs. Bean.

Mrs. Bean shook her head, as she said, wearily: "For the lands sake! If there's anything a man *can* do by himself, let him do it!"

Sliced Oranges with a dash of Abbott's Bitters are appetizing and healthful. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps.

C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

HER VIEW

WILLIS: If you women get the ballot the polls will be full of gossips.
MRS. WILLIS: No; on the contrary, there will be fewer "repeaters."

A MAN'S WORLD

The wide range for Father;
From the crater to the star
The earth is his—he made it—
But the kitchen range for Ma.

The open polls for Father;
On the governmental car
He is driver and conductor—
But the clothes poles for Ma.

GUNS

Rifles — Pistols — Cartridges
Sportsmen's Supplies
Cheaper or Better
Send three stamps for Catalog
POWELL & CLEMENT CO.
410 Main St., Cincinnati, O.

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

"He is wise who is moderate—
and he who is moderate is wise."

And it is for the wisely moderate
man that we make a wonderfully
mild and mellow Whiskey—
**Wilson — Real Wilson —
That's All!**

The Whiskey for which we invented the Non-Refillable Bottle.

FREE CLUB RECIPES—Free booklet of famous club recipes for mixed drinks. Address Wilson, 15 East 31st St., N. Y. That's All!

Winter HAVANA Cruises NASSAU SANTIAGO

MOST varied and interesting ever arranged to the American Mediterranean. An opportunity for inexpensive travel in the tropics under delightful auspices. Numerous "all-expense" tours, including

Trip Around Cuba, \$95 and up
23 Days' Cruising, including all expenses

Twin-screw Steamers "Monterey" and "Esperanza" each 7,500 tons displacement, New York to Nassau-Bahamas, Guantanamo (U. S. Naval Station), Santiago (San Juan Hill), Manzanillo, Cienfuegos, returning, same steamer, via Santiago and Nassau to New York. Steamer your hotel for entire cruise. Option of delightful journey across Cuba by rail to Havana, thence steamer to New York—no additional expense.

Other trips and cruises at attractive rates, embracing Nassau, Havana and points in Cuba. Liberal stop over privileges.

Steamers built in America and sailing under the American Flag

Write for illustrated folders and all information.

WARD LINE NEW YORK and CUBA MAIL S.S. CO.
Pier 14, East River, New York



DISTRICT PASSENGER OFFICES:
BOSTON—192 Washington St.
PHILADELPHIA—701 Chestnut St.
WASHINGTON—1306 F St., N. W.
NEW YORK—290 Broadway

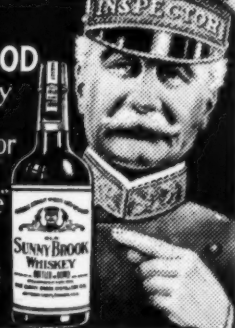


SUNNY BROOK

The PURE FOOD
Whiskey

The Inspector
Is Back Of
Every Bottle

A PURE
HEALTHFUL TONIC



For Sale Everywhere



LIFE without any troubles
would be as po' sport as
shootin' birds on the ground

Velvet Joe

A FROSTY, clear morning, with a gun on your
shoulder and a pipe of VELVET between
your teeth, makes you understand why hunting
is the "sport of kings" and VELVET "a royal smoke."

The keen air in your face makes the genial warmth
and cheer of VELVET, Kentucky's *Burley de Luxe*,
in your pipe—even more gratifying.

And then the aged-in-the-wood mellowness, which makes cool,
slow burning VELVET the smoothest smoking tobacco, completes
the circuit of content.

As pipe "ammunition" in field or forest—as a "reminiscence
producer" in camp fire circles, VELVET is the smoke of smokes.

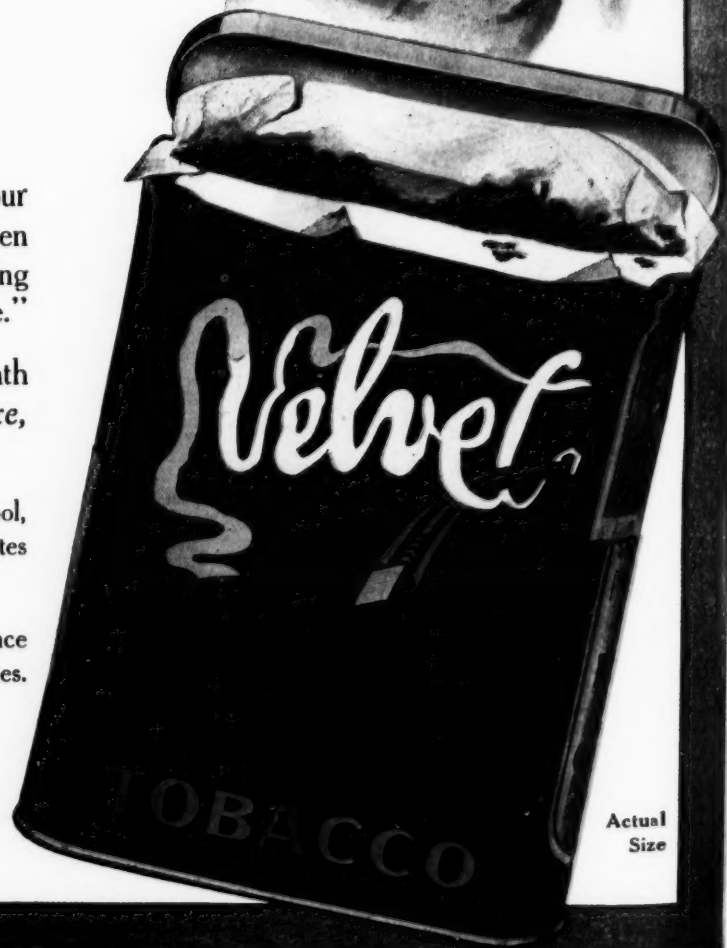
10c Tins

5c Metal-Lined Bags

One Pound Glass Humidors

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

Copyright 1915



Actual
Size